SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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Jeanie Morrison.

[The following lines by a Glasgow poet, Motherwell, are replete with tenderness and beauty. They are worthy of the best days of Robert Burns.]

I've wandered east, I've wandered west,
Through mony a weary way,
But never, never can forget
The luve o' life's young day!
The fire that's blawn on Beltane e'en,
May weel be black gin Yule;
But blacker fa' awaits the heart
Where first fond luve grows cule.

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
The thochts o' bygane years
Still fling their shadows ower my path,
And blind my een wi' tears:
They blind my een wi' saut, saut tears,
And sair and sick I pine,
As Memory idly summons up
The blithe blinks o' lang syne.

'Twas then we luvit ilk ither weel,
'Twas then we twa did part;
Sweet time—sad time—twa bairns at schule,
Twa bairns, wi' but ae heart!
'Twas then we sat on ae laigh bink,
To leir ilk ither lear;
And tones, and looks, and smiles were shed,
Remember'd ever mair.

I wonder, Jeanie, aften yet,
When sitting on that bink,
Cheek touchin' cheek, loof lock'd in loof,
What our wee heads could think!
When baith bent doun ower ae braid page,
Wi' a buik upon our knee,
Thy lips were on thy lesson, but
My lesson was in thee.

Oh, mind ye how we hung our heads,
Our cheeks brent red wi' shame,
Whene'er the schule weans, laughin' said,
We cleek'd thegither hame?
And mind ye o' the Saturdays,
(The Schule then skail't at noon,)
When a' we ran to speel the braes—
The broomy braes of June?

My head rins round and round about,
My heart flows like a sea,
As ane by ane the thochts rush back
O' schule time and o' thee.
Oh, mornin' life! Oh! mornin' luve!
Oh, lichtsome days and lang,
When hinnied hopes around our hearts,
Like simmer blossoms, sprang!

O mind ye, luve, how aft we left
The deavin' dinsome toun,
To wander by the green burnside,
And hear its water croon;
The simmer leaves hung ower our heads,
The flowers burst round our feet,
And in the gloamin' o' the wud
The throssil whusslit sweet.

The throssil whusslit in the wud,
The burn sung to the trees,
And we with Nature's heart and tune,
Concerted harmonies;
And on the knowe abune the burn,
For hours thegither sat
In the silentness o' joy, till baith
Wi' very gladness grat!

Aye, aye, dear Jeanie Morrison,
Tears trinkled down your cheek,
Like dew drops on a rose, yet nane
Had ony power to speak!
That was a time, a blessed time,
When hearts were fresh and young,
When freely gush'd all feelings forth,
Unsyllabled, unsung.

I marvel, Jeanie Morrison,
Gin I hae been to thee
As closely twined wi' earliest thochts
As ye hae been to me?
Oh! tell me gin their music fills
Thine ear as it does mine;
Oh! say gin e'er your heart grows grit
Wi' dreamings o' lang syne?

I've wander'd east, I've wander'd west,
I've borne a weary lot,
But in my wanderings, far or near,
Ye never were forgot.
The fount that first burst frae this heart,
Still travels on its way;
And channels deeper as it rins
The luve o' life's young day.

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
Since we were sunder'd young
I've never seen your face, nor heard
The music o' your tongue;
But I could hug all wretchedness,
And happy could I die,
Did I but ken your heart still dream'd
O' bygone days and me!

From Blackwood's Magazine for September

De Walstein,
The Enthusiast.
A Tale of the French Revolution.

Great men must be employed to complete great changes in empire; but little men often begin them. In this moral architecture, the man who raises the proud superstructure, who brings all the discordant features into one grand harmony, who fills the eye with the consummate and magnificent shape of solidity and power, must be the master of his art; but any workman can dig the foundation.

Joseph II. of Germany was the workman of the French Revolution. He was the deliverer, Napoleon was the architect. Nothing could be more remote from each other, than the obscure industry of the German and the brilliant mischief of the Italian; yet they were combined in one fearful fabrication, they were both essential to the design: if Joseph, in all mediocrity, had never been born, Napoleon, in all his splendor, would never have been heard of. Let philosophers reconcile those difficulties; I have now no time to speculate. Those are the mysteries of human character. They must be left till the day when oracles revive, and men have only to ask questions of the pythoness.

Some years ago, in a tour during which I passed some days of an intense summer among the hills of Carinthia, I happened to meet a wanderer like myself, who, though with but one riband at his button-hole, had seen service in the field, had sustained office in the imperial court, taken his share in the chief events of the last thirty years; and, in his twofold capacity of a general officer and an imperial councillor, was as well calculated to assist a traveller in a huge German hotel to get through the heaviness of an idle day, as most men whom fortune has ever thrown in my way. He was still in what is to be regarded as the very finest period of life; when the understanding has arrived at its maturity without losing its lustre, and the heart, if man can be allowed to have any thing of the kind, has acquired steadiness without losing its sensibility. His countenance was handsome, yet with some lines of trial; and both countenance and manner had, as Hamlet says, "more of the ancient Roman than the Dane." He looked as if he had been born rather on the southern side of the Alps than the northern, and I could conceive him, at the head of his *corps d'armee*, or in the midst of a whirlwind of Hungarian cuirassiers, making a very showy figure of modern chivalry.

We discussed the great names of the war over our bottle of wine, in the light way in which men talk of those who can now do them neither good nor ill; generals who could no longer order any body to be shot, and emperors who had given up the keys of Olmutz, or who could no longer send the refractory a letter of introduction to the wolves of Siberia.

"There were but two men in the world when I first knew it," said the general.

I involuntarily started at this antediluvian view of things. He smiled.

"That is," said he, "there were but two men in the world whose names it ever mentioned—your Pitt and all the world's Napoleon. In those days, I hated your great minister as much as I worshipped the Corsican. They were my opposing powers of light and darkness, my two antagonist principles—the tyrant of the seas and the regenerator of the earth; but I had the excuse of having all Germany, or perhaps all Europe, of my opinion."

"The Germans soon changed theirs, I presume, at least of the French Emperor."

"My countrymen," said the general, "are certainly excellent men; but they have not the faculty of reasoning. They toil admirably; but they find it difficult to think. They have the virtue of the mole in perfection. Give them something obscure, heavy, and disheartening to labor at, and they will drudge away for ever. Their existence, is known too, like the mole's, by the little heaps of dust which they throw up on the surface, and undoubtedly loosening the soil for better uses to come. But the moment they are put upon the surface they are blind;—bid them walk, and they stumble; bid them run, and they fall into the first ditch. In literature, they are what the pioneers are to an army, essential to every advance, but a rough corps after all; stout, strong handed serfs; and with hatchet and saw in hand formidable to thickets and rocks; but what man ever looks among the pioneers for a hero?"

"Yet they had *esprit* enough to admire the romantic glitter and magic freaks of Napoleon."

"Yes," said the general, "all children are fond of tales of wonder, and all gossips of telling them. We Germans are proud of our country, and it is by nature a noble one—certainly superior in its natural advantages to any other that I have seen, not even excepting your own; for the unrivalled loveliness of England is the work of man, of freedom, good sense, and the simple tastes of the nation. But we are still in our infancy. Germany is only one huge nursery, in which the population is in its cradle. But we are children with a fine inheritance waiting for us when we shall arrive at the age of discretion; yet, until then, we must be allowed to play the antics of the nursery, to stare at every thing, to imagine that we know every thing, to attempt every thing, and, finally, like children who never see a toy but with a longing to know what makes it squeak, or dance, or tumble, breaking up every one of our graver toys of state, religion, and science, with a curiosity worthy of the cradle, and having only the fragments, after all, for our pains. I am a patriot, Sir," said he with a smile, "yet you see I too can play the philosopher."

"But when is your infant to arrive at man's estate?"

"National minds are of slow growth," was the answer. "I do not think that Germany will be mature in less than five hundred years. It will take at least a century to get rid of her presumption that she is the cleverest nation in the world; and until then she cannot be said to even have the use of her understanding."

"A long probation. But she is certainly not retrograding; she is clearly advancing."

"I am not so fully convinced of that. She is yet got little beyond the line where the French Revolution placed her. I allow *that* to have been an advance. But it was universal. It pushed every nation of Europe some degrees nearer the moral equator. Politics are the sun of the world. England had sun enough already, and could be tropical only to be scorched; but Germany, cold, aguish, swampy, and wild, would be much the better for being half roasted alive. The world has to thank a German for that revolution. Joseph the Second—of all Germans that ever lived the truest model of the German of the nineteenth century—was the man."

"What—Joseph the philosopher and philanthropist! Where was the fire?"

"We shall long remember him," observed the general, "for three things—the partition of Poland, the loss of the Netherlands, and the overthrow of the Bourbon throne."

The evening was one of southern beauty; and the window of the hotel overlooked one of those small lakes which are so numerous in the country, watered by the thousand springs of the Tyrolese hills. The air, after a day of intense warmth, flowed in filled with the freshness of the mountain vegetation; and a young rising moon, just touching with her circlet the brow of a forest above, gave the due finishing of the picture. But even this was not all; for a troop of the travelling horn-players, who range all Europe from the Mediterranean to, I believe, the Pole, seeing our casement open, took up a position in the adjoining garden and began their display. All this is common; but the effect was good, on the whole, as if we had heard it in a *salon* of Vienna, or were even enjoying a painted moon and canvass forest, with the full crash of a Persian orchestra in front, to take us by storm.

We had both sunk into silence; and after a while I observed my companion had drawn from his bosom a miniature, on which he gazed with a fixed eye. He saw that I was looking at him, and handed it over to me. It was well worth his study, for it was one of the loveliest faces that I ever saw in my life.

"I presume I may ask the name? It is excessively lovely—at once gentle and noble."

"You may; for she is neither an opera girl nor a goddess. It is exactly in such an hour, and in this very apartment, five-and-twenty years ago, that a German friend of mine was indebted to this lady for the most important event of his life."

I looked all curiosity; but feeling that I had no right to intrude upon his reflections of one perhaps dead, remained in silence. But foreign manners are often remarkably frank; and he saw my wish at once.

"You shall have the story," said he, "of my friend. He was an enthusiast in those days, though born on the northern side of the Alps. The lady was somewhat of an enthusiast too, though no *Encyclopediste*. Both had their share of the republican mania, though both living in the most formal court from this to Pekin. But I must tell the story in my own way."

He then threw himself back into his chair, and with his eyes fixing alternately on the landscape and the picture, talked in the dramatic style into which the continental taste throws every thing.

"Imagine a young officer of the Hungarian Guard, enraptured with a sense of his wearing the most showy of all possible uniforms, declining to dance when the fairest forms of Vienna were whirling before him, and playing the coxcomb with the most well-bred apathy in the world. Imagine another figure in this history piece, a beautiful woman of the first rank, approaching him, with ridicule sparkling in her sparkling eyes. '*Bon jour, Monsieur le Comte*, you look the very picture of a philosopher.'"

"Then, your Imperial Highness, I look perfectly unlike what I am, or even can be, while I have the honor of being in the same ball-room with you," was the answer, without changing his position.

"Perhaps said gallantly, yet perhaps not; I know the Count De Walstein's chivalry, yet I suspect he despises the sex," playfully observed the lady.

"Never, when all that is charming in it has such a representative as your Imperial Highness."

"Well, that at least is unequivocal; and I must acknowledge that the opinion of so severe a critic as Count Walstein is said to be, is of peculiar value. But to say no more on those pretty topics, how long is it since you have returned to Vienna?"

"I have already lost the recollection. Let Schiller answer for me:

heads and the words. I showed the manuscript to my friend the Duc de Reux. He was more struck with it even than I had myself. 'You have the thunderbolt in your hands,' said he, 'use it as a weapon.' 'Well, so shall see.' He took the pamphlet in his hand, and returned it to me the next minute.

In Brienne glanced over it, advised me to burn it without delay, and declared me to possess myself of the whole work. I could not comply with any one of his suggestions. In frightening a prime minister, and spent the day in dreaming of purple and fine linen for life."

"What good genius removed you from the certainty of spending ten thousand livres a year?" asked Regnier, as he glanced at the meagre frame of the Abbe.

The fortunate folly of the Archbishop. Rank was then extremely attained in France. De Brienne, when an abbe, had distinguished himself by the order of his sonnets to the declining beauties of Madame de Pompadour. For this he had been made a bishop. He was next destined to be one of the most capital brilliard players at Versailles. For this he was made an archbishop. He was now to be made a cardinal prince, and his chariades for the ladies of honor, songs for the private reunions of Trianon, and epigrams on Necker. As they could not make him a poet, they made him prime minister of France. I went to his levee; but he was busy with some great trifle, and could not see me. I waited a week in vain. He was busy with great birds again, and again passed me by. I resolved that no man living should use a third time; and on his next levee, instead of presenting myself to be passed by, I sent him the first copy of my pamphlet that came from the press—a thing which he could not pass by. I had now launched my thunderbolt, and it crushed him. In a week he was no longer minister. The flame spread; it awoke France; it kindled revolution. Here I was; I lent up the foundations of the church. I saw pest, but I am revenged, I am known, and I shall not be forg-ten."

"I," said Talleyrand, "had to complain, not of man, but of nature—not of the world, but of my self-name. She let me fall on the ground one day, and thus, in my cradle, decided my career for life. A broken limb in France is worse than a broken character. I wished to be a soldier; but I was considered good for nothing, and was therefore sent a priest. I never liked my calling, and therefore I rejoiced in the prospect of change. I was made a bishop, for which I was unfit. I am now a member of the Assembly; and decide upon myself to show whether I am fitted for a legislator."

"The career is bold, the road broad, and the great accomplishment; but may not the Revolution have reached the height already? May it not go down as it rose, and leave the land in total darkness?" asked Regnier.

"No," said Talleyrand; "it is already a fixed MAY. It has taken its position. It can neither rise nor set for ever."

"It is a comet," said Sieyes; "cleaves wonder at the blaze, and fools think that its tail is come to set the world on fire. Yet it is harmless, however splendid; it is within the laws of the system; it will fulfil its course, and then pass away and be unthought of for five hundred years to come. All republics have done the same."

"It is neither! I am beginning to open my eyes," exclaimed Regnier, with great motion.—"It is a torch that will be given from the hand of the philosopher into the hand of the politician, and by him into the hand of the mob; by them it will be flung upon the church, the throne, and the assembly. Its blaze will ascend; the fame and the fortunes of France will await the conflagra-tion, until it is reduced to dust. Its last spark will be trampled out by the heel of the soldier." His words were delivered with involuntary energy.

The group were silent for a few minutes. They walked forward without a word to the spot where they were to part: there they paused.

"Regnier, you are no patriot; but you are a philosopher," said Sieyes.

"Regnier, you are no patriot; but you are a prophet," said Talleyrand. They parted: and from that hour the three never met again.

Time advanced rapidly. Regnier had become a member of the famous club of the Cordeliers.—His mingular zeal soon distinguished him. He was in the midst of one of his proudest orations on the day when the startling intelligence of the march of the Duke of Brunswick across the frontier, at the head of 140,000 men, was brought to the sitting. He suddenly abandoned the topic on which he had been speaking. He displayed the resources of a nation determined to resist; the feebleness of an invader, the misery of chaos, the glories of freedom. The crowd listened with fond admiration, or burst into unanimous applause. In the midst of one of those acclamations, a single harp, but powerful voice cried out —Brunswick is the butcher; but who gave him the axe?" "The King!" was the universal roar. The voice was Danton's, and from that hour all was decided. The guillotine was to groan.

All the rest is quickly told. At midnight the tocsin rang. At six in the morning the Swiss's took post, with their cannon in front of the Tuileries. Regnier's fancy, inflamed by the constant excitement of the hour, was filled with the supposition that the only hope of repelling the invasion which thus threatened a free people, was the power of compelling the monarch to join the nation against the invaders. A royal declaration, the dismissal of ministers clearly incapable of gaining the spirit, and a royal command to Bruno wick and his host to retire, were to be accompanied only by a display of the national force in the presence of the king. The Revolution had, till now, been a revolution of the terror—it was now to be a revolution of the field. Regnier was chosen by a commission to head the march of the Fauxbourg St. Antoine, which had constantly taken the lead, and now sent a column of fifteen thousand men. St. Marceau sent ten thousand. Column on column rolled along. He had chosen France as his country, and he was pledged to her regeneration.

The palace exhibited a force capable of making a victorious resistance, or, in the worst event, of imitating a terrible retaliation. Eight hundred of the royal Swiss guards were drawn up in front of the Tuileries. The grenadiers of several battalions of the national guard formed line with the Swiss; and a number of the police were mixed with nobles, personal friends, and attendants of the royal family, armed, and determined to resist to the last moment. The gallant Swiss commander of the bands of the insurrection: and Regnier had scarcely ordered his cannon to be brought forward, and the musketry to fire, when an order came from the Committee at the Hotel de Ville, to attempt the removal of the Swiss, by negotiation with the king. Regnier resented the order with an indignant smile, and in the front of the moment was about to rush to the charge; but the next moment he felt one of the silence, and on his accompanying them to the royal presence.

He descended, and led the way. It was the first time that he had entered the palace since his democratic fever. He had now it to its glory. The corridors and staircases were filled. The stairs and galleries were crowded with a multitude of men and women of rank, royally bedizen, and all expecting massacre. The spirit and the tentural beauty of this vast pile was defaced by neglect and the rudeness of the Parisian mobs, which had lately garnished the columns and the paintings were torn down, and the sculptures mutilated—all was ominous of royal ruin. Regnier, through fall of the exultation of Republicanism, was not a Vandal, and he only regretted that liberty should be so much of the barbarian. But in one where he reached the royal presence that he felt the true change. The deputation, forcing their way to the spot where sat the royal family, consisted by a few of their guards, began the declaration of their message. Regnier's eyes were fixed on the group of royalty and sorrow: the king, luminous and helpless; the dauphiness, a pale but noble countenanced girl, deeply aware of the terrors round her, yet mine; the dauphin, still a child, but intelligent and graceful. But it was the queen who fixed every eye, and whose superiority of character deserved, in that hour of fearful trial, to fix the eyes of the world. He had seen, in her days of brilliancy, the sovereign—he saw her now, in the day of humiliation, and regarded her as the first of human beings. Her beauty, undiminished by misfortune, had only been elevated by the strong energencies of her time; and the mixture of feminine sensibility with heroic grandeur invested her, to Regnier's spirit, with something almost supernatural. The deputation delivered their message, and turned to withdraw; Regnier continued gazing on this extraordinary woman. They left the saloon, and Regnier remained. The increasing tumult of the Sections, impatient for the attack, was heard below; and the name of their favorite chief, Regnier, was loudly called. But his mind had undergone a revulsion. In that moment the sight of fallen greatness, and of such beauty undone, had changed his whole spirit, and he felt as if a new existence had begun within him. He threw himself at the feet of the queen, and kissed the fair hand which she offered his life or his service.—While the whole circle gazed in astonishment at Regnier's sudden change of profession, Talleyrand, in the hall

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Financial Record.

New Counterfeits.

Bank of Illinois, Shawneetown, Ill. 20's letter D. payable to different persons and of various dates. John Siddall, Cashier, John Marshall, President. Signatures poor imitations.—Engraving too dark—vignette, on right end of the bill, steamboats and vessels under sail. W. Dane & Co. Engravers.

Bank of Kentucky, at Frankfort, Ky. 100's letter A. dated March 16, 1836, payable to C. S. Morehead, John J. Jacob, President, G. C. Gwathmey, Cashier. Well executed and calculated to deceive unless strictly examined. The counterfeit is near one-fourth of an inch shorter than the genuine, and, in the top line, a comma at the word "Directors" is omitted in the counterfeit.—*Reporter.*

COUNTERFEITER ARRESTED.—A man named Joseph Ward, formerly a deputy sheriff and constable of Licking county, Ohio, was arrested recently in Vermilion county, Ill. for passing counterfeit notes of the Bank of Shawneetown, Ill. of the denomination of $20; and of the Bank of Chenango, N. Y. of the denomination of $5. At the time of passing them he had piles of notes in his possession, but when arrested none either good or bad were found upon him. He is supposed to be connected with a gang which infest the western country, and was committed for trial.

MORE COUNTERFEITS.—Counterfeit five dollar notes of the Northampton Bank at Easton, are reported to be in circulation. The impressions of the engraving are said to be faint, and the signatures engraved and marked over with a pen.

LOOK OUT.—The New York Sun cautions the public against the notes of a pretended Bank, called the Farmers' Bank, of Sandstone.

TREASURY DRAFTS.—Forged Treasury Drafts, are said to be afloat.

Political Intelligence.

Maine Election.

The Portland Advertiser publishes the returns of votes for Governor complete, as follows, after careful corrections and revisions:

	1839 Kent.	1839 Fairfield.	1840 Kent.	1840 Fairfield.
York,	3907	4852	4527	5423
Cumberland,	5664	6169	6679	6481
Waldo,	1880	4367	2732	4930
Kennebec,	5596	3397	6869	3634
Lincoln,	4645	4512	6528	5169
Penobscot,	2828	2457	3618	3024
Piscataquis,	1035	1151	1255	1162
Franklin,	1410	1818	1867	2042
Washington,	1546	1653	2125	2053
Hancock,	1588	1871	2342	2249
Aroostook,	130	348	239	489
Oxford,	2082	4302	2850	4645
Penobscot,	3319	4221	4252	4403
	34,730	41,109	45,573	45,345
			45,345	
Kent's majority,			228	

The scattering votes in 1839 were 201, in 1840, as far as heard from, 11.

State Senate.

Elections in this state are to be held at the next election for Senators in the following districts, to fill the vacancies occasioned by expirations of the terms of the Senators set opposite the respective districts.

2d District—Philadelphia county, Sam'l Stevenson.

3d District—Chester, Delaware and Montgomery, John B. Sterigere, Henry Myers.

4th District—Bucks, William T. Rogers.

5th District—Berks, John Miller.

6th District—Lancaster and York, James A. Caldwell, *Thomas E. Cochran.*

8th District—Perry Mifflin, Juniata, Union and Huntingdon, *James M Bell.*

9th District—Columbia and Schuylkill, Charles Frailey.

10th District—Lehigh and Northampton, Abraham Shortz.

12th District—Allegheny and Butler, *William Purviance.*—Whigs in Italic.

GOVERNOR OF MAINE.—The Constitution of Maine provides, that when there is no choice of Governor by the people, the House of Representatives shall choose by ballot two out of the four persons (if so many there be) having the largest number of votes, and that of the two thus designated, the Senate shall choose one by ballot, who shall thereupon be declared to be duly elected Governor of the State.

APPOINTMENT BY THE PRESIDENT.—John V. Ingersoll, Register of the Land Office at Mineral Point, Wisconsin, vice John P. Sheldon, removed.

Howell A. Hobbs, to be Deputy Postmaster at Jackson, in the State of Mississippi, in place of John R. Chiles, removed.

WHIG NOMINATIONS.—The Whigs of Spring Garden on Thursday evening last, made the following nominations for Commissioners of that district:—Edward Turner, first Ward; George W. Hufty and Thomas Robinson, second ward; William Curry, third ward, and Henry A. Beck, fourth ward.

WHIG NOMINATIONS.—The Whig delegates on Thursday afternoon, nominated Thomas Connell of the city, for Clerk of the Court of General Sessions.

RESIGNED.—Rice Garland, of La., has resigned his seat in Congress, and the Governor has ordered an election to fill the vacancy.

POSTMASTER AT N. O.—Gabriel Montamat has been appointed postmaster at New Orleans.

General News.

HE OUGHT TO BE PUNISHED.—Some rascal on Sunday last placed a large stone upon the railroad track, a few miles beyond the halfway house, between Stonington and Providence, for the purpose of throwing the engine and train off the track. It was not perceived, in the darkness of the morning, and the cow-catcher, placed before the engine, struck the stone and was stove to pieces. The engine was damaged and the train experienced some short detention, being obliged to return to the half-way house, but luckily no person was injured by the concussion.

STABBED WITH A KNIFE.—We learn from the Baltimore Sun that on the evening of the 28th ult., a fracas occurred at Washington, in a tavern opposite the "Seven Buildings," in the first ward, amongst a party of men, in which one of them, named Henry Tucker, a shoemaker, who resided in Georgetown, was killed by four stabs in the left breast, inflicted on him by another shoemaker, named Watts. He died immediately, leaving a wife and four children. The murderer was arrested.

WELL BURLESQUED.—A New York paper ridiculing the common practice of exhonerating the drivers of vehicles from blame when they drive over children, adds the following hit: "Fifteen children were lately run over consecutively, in the street of a Western town. No blame can be attached to the driver, as he says he was in a great hurry to reach the steamboat landing with his passengers. Great credit is due to the driver that he did not turn out of his way to go over a number of children who stood in a side street."

SHOT HIM DEAD.—On the 8th ultimo, at Clinton, La., Col. Warren C. Whittaker, was shot down, while standing in his yard giving orders to his negroes for the day. A number of buck shot took fatal effect near the region of his heart, and he fell dead with a single exclamation. Four of his negroes are now in jail under suspicion of being accessary to this deed of blood.

GUESS HE'LL ESCAPE.—In the case of Darnes, who killed the editor of the St. Louis Argus in a political quarrel, a nolle prosequi has been entered by the Attorney General, in consequence of some informality in the indictment. The prisoner is released on $5000 bail, to await the further action of the Grand Jury.

NAVAL.—The U. S. ship Macedonian and Erie last from Newport, were below New York yesterday.

The U. S. sloop of War Preble, Commodore Breeze, arrived at Eastport on the 19th instant, from Portland, via Grand Menan, and sailed again on the 22d on a cruise, intending to touch at Digby and Annapolis.

FRACTURED HIS SKULL.—A singular accident, says the Nantucket Inquirer, occurred recently on the Blackwall railway, which, probably, has already proved fatal. A man in the employment of the company was standing on the line about 1 1 2 miles from the terminus, when, perceiving a train of carriages coming in each direction, he immediately jumped out of the way, and stood clear of the rails. The current of air however, occasioned by the swift motion of the vehicles, was so great, that he was literally removed from this position of supposed safety, dashed with much force against one of the cars, and rebounding against the wall, was all but killed on the spot, his skull being fractured so severely that no hopes could be entertained of his recovery.

FATAL FRACAS.—The last New Orleans Bee relates a tragical affair which happened in Carroll county, Louisiana, some two weeks since. Deputy Sheriff Colman, while in pursuit of a gang of negro stealers, of which three had already been apprehended, came up with the leader, a man named Vallet or Laval. A fracas ensued, Colman and his antagonist firing their rifles at the same moment. Colman was shot through the neck and instantly expired. The negro stealer was mortally wounded, the deputy sheriff's ball having passed through his body. As he stood his ground for an instant, he was knocked down by one of the sheriff's assistants, and his brains blown out by the other.

THE BRITISH QUEEN.—There are one hundred and twenty five officers, &c. on board the British Queen, viz: 1 captain, 3 mates, 1 gunner, 1 pilot, 2 quarter-masters, 1 boatswain, 2 carpenters, 21 sailors. In engineer's room, 1 principal engineer, 6 second do., 12 coal trimmers, 4 boys, 1 lamplighter. Eating department, 1 head cook, 5 under do., 2 scullions, 1 baker and man, 1 confectioner, 1 butcher and man, 1 knife cleaner and man, 1 barber, 1 head steward, 6 saloon do., 1 bed room do. (aft.) 8 pantry men, 1 cellar man, 3 storekeepers, 2 stewardesses, (aft.), 5 fore saloon stewards, 1 stewardess, 2 waiters, 4 mates and gunner boys, and 1 surgeon.

FROM FLORIDA.—We learn from the Apalachicola Advertiser of the 12th inst. that on the 4th, the U. S. Dragoons, under Capt. Beal, surprised and attacked a party of about thirty Indians, on the Wacassassa river, and succeeded in capturing Holz-too-chee, a sub chief of the Micasukies; Hosan-Hadjo, or Craggy Moss, Holan-Te-Mathla-Chee, and No-Cos-Cilla, or Bear's Foot. The others fled to the hammocks. On the 7th inst. the house of Mr. James Corsey, about two miles from Chattahoochee, was plundered and burnt by the Indians, the occupants had previously fled.

BROOKS, THE SWINDLER.—The St. Louis New Era says: Jesse D. E. Quantrell, who figured in several swindling transactions in this city some years since, has lately been doing a splendid business in the same way in Philadelphia, under the assumed name of Brooks. It appears from the statements before us, that he has been in several jails and penitentiaries since he left St. Louis, from one of which he had just emerged after three years apprenticeship to commence a new career of villainy.

BURNED TO DEATH.—On the night of Wednesday the 16th inst., the dwelling house of Frederick Caylor, a German resident of the town of Potter, Yates county, N. Y., was destroyed by fire, and the proprietor perished in the flames, notwithstanding every exertion was made by the neighbors to rescue him. His body was afterwards found burnt in a shocking manner. Not an article in the house was saved, his wife and children barely escaping in their night clothes.

RASCALLY.—The N. Y. Journal of Commerce says a mercantile house of that city, who had a suit against the city of Mobile for $500 of the bonds issued by the corporation, has just received advices that judgment had been obtained, but previous to its being rendered, the corporation of the city had made an assignment or deed of trust, of all the real estate belonging to the city, by which act the judgment obtained against it is useless.

SALE OF THE NEW YORK MIRROR.—We learn says the Herald, that this periodical, established by George P. Morris, and conducted by him for many years past, has been sold to D. Fanshaw, the Bible Printer in Nassau street. The price we have not heard—but it is worth $20,000 at least. General Morris still continues editor.

FIRE IN NEW ORLEANS.—A New Orleans correspondent of the Baltimore American, writing under date of the 15th instant, states that on the night previous a fire broke out in a house in Crapo street and extended to Bagatelle street, and thence the flames destroyed nearly all the buildings on the right hand side of Bagatelle street, to Union, consuming about $60,000 worth of property.

CHEAP ENOUGH.—One cent is now the price of a passage, berth inclusive, between New York and New Haven, in the splendid steamer American Statesman. This is done out of opposition to the new line, which has also reduced its fare, and has, it is said, a purse that defies bankruptcy. All this is no doubt fine fun for the stockholders.

COL. WORTH.—The Troy Mail states that Colonel Worth, one of the most heroic and valuable officers attached to the army, has just been ordered to Florida, to take active command in that inglorious war. He is now with his family at his residence at Watervliet, but will soon leave, with a large body of troops, for that region.

NO GREAT SHAKES.—On Monday morning week, about 6 o'clock, a slight shock of an earthquake was felt in Hamilton, U. C. and neighborhood. There was a rumbling noise in the earth, and some buildings were slightly shaken. To those who were in bed at the time, it seemed as if some heavy body had rubbed against the wall, followed by a tremulous motion.

LUCKY FOR HIM.—Mr. Young, the Magician at the Baltimore Museum, who was arrested on suspicion of murder, is drawing crowded houses through the notoriety he acquired by that arrest. Verily, thousands are anxious to see a man who was suspected to have committed a murder!

THE MONUMENT TO THE WRECKED.—The Monument which is to be erected at the Mariner's Burial Ground, near Rockaway, L. I., over the bodies recovered from the Mexico, has been landed from the vessel which conveyed it to near Rockaway, and will be ready to be placed at the grave in a few weeks.

WHAT HIS NAME IS.—The author of "Harry Lorrequer" and "Charles O'Malley" is Dr. Lever, of Dublin. He is a man of middle age, has been much abroad, and is well acquainted with French, Italian, and German.

DEAD IN THE DITCH.—We learn from the Greenfield Courier, that an inebriate, named Miller, who had been employed ditching in that town, was found last week flat on his face in the mud, dead. It is supposed that he fell, too much intoxicated to turn and extricate himself from strangulation.

BURNT TO DEATH.—The Baltimore Clipper says, on Wednesday morning a negro woman, residing in Potter street, near Douglass, left her house to purchase a load of tan, leaving her child locked in the room above. On her return she found the child near the fire place burnt to death.

ACCIDENT.—Wm. Smith, a seaman, belonging to the ship Iowa, aged 35, a native of New York, fell from the foreyard of the Iowa on Monday morning, at Baltimore, and struck his left side with great force on the deck. He survived the accident about one hour.

REED BIRD AND ORTOLAN.—The Inquirer says—"Perhaps it is not generally known, that the reed bird of this country is identical with the European Ortolan—for ages considered the most delicious of bird for the table."

GEN. READ.—Gen. Leigh Read has been appointed commander in chief of the forces in Florida, and has arrived at Apalachicola, to organize measures for putting an end to the war, if possible.

BOSTON AND BUFFALO RAILROAD.—A meeting is to be held in Boston for the purpose of raising subscriptions to the capital for the section of this road from Attica to Buffalo; $250,000 is the amount wanted.

POLITICAL ROW.—A political meeting was held at Marietta, Ohio, on the 11th inst. at which a row took place—several persons were seriously injured, and one is said to have been killed.

DROWNED.—Capt. James L. Ashmore, of the sloop Economy, of Trenton, N. J. was drowned in Amboy Bay on Monday last. A reward of $25 is offered for the recovery of his body.

A GOOD BUSINESS.—The Brooklyn News says the receipts of the Brooklyn Ferry were estimated at one thousand dollars per day.

DEATHS IN BOSTON.—Interments in the city of Boston, for the last week, viz: Males 29—females 24—53. Causes, consumption 5, &c.

CAUGHT AT LAST.—McLeod, a conspicuous actor in cutting out and burning the Caroline, has been arrested at Lockport, and committed to jail.

WELLERISM.—"You are determined to get me into a broil," as the chicken said to the gridiron.

MYSTERIOUS.—The Baltimore Sun says, on Sunday night two weeks past, a house in Calvert street, nearly opposite Bath, was discovered to be on fire. The prompt and efficient exertions of the firemen extinguished the flames, but the quantity of water that was necessarily thrown upon the house rendered it uninhabitable for delicate females. Two of the family, a lady of the name of Mrs. Brittingham and her niece, a young lady of 15 or 16 years of age, named Elizabeth Doughty, removed to a house on the opposite side of the street. On Wednesday morning both of them partook of some coffee, and shortly after, they were taken with spasm, which showed symptoms of their having been poisoned. About four o'clock on Thursday morning, the young lady died; but the elder one is in a fair way of recovery. A post mortem examination was made by Doctors O'Donavan and Baker, but what decision they came to we have not learned.

THE MONUMENT FAIR.—$25,000 is a considerable sum in these *dolor*-ous days, but they *do* say, that amount was raised at the Boston Fair, for the purpose of completing the Bunker Hill Monument. The Courier says, "We are authorized by the treasurer of the late Monument Fair, to say that sufficient progress has been made in the settlement of the various accounts to authorize the belief that the net proceeds will not fall short of TWENTY-FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS. It is with the most unfeigned satisfaction that we make this annunciation. The monument will now go up. Whoever lives three years, will behold its completion."

GUNS BURSTED.—On the 14th inst., three serious accidents occurred in Stamford, Ct., and almost at the same moment, by the bursting of guns in the hands of inexperienced youths. Samuel Waterbury, son of Samuel Waterbury, had his head so dreadfully lacerated by a piece of the breech of his gun being forced against it that his life is greatly endangered. James, son of Cary H. Leeds, had his body badly injured by the fragments of a gun that burst in his hands. And a lad living with Samuel Leeds, had a gun burst in his hands, the fragments of the barrel so injured one of his arms that it will be some time before he recovers the use of it.

FIRE AND FOUR CHILDREN BURNED.—We learn from the Rutland (Vt.) Herald, that the house of Mr Dyer Babbitt, of Castleton, was burnt on the night of the 17th inst. The wife of Mr. Babbitt and 7 children were in the house at the time, but the fire had made such progress before they were awaked, that only Mrs. Babbitt and three children were able to make their escape from the house, and the remaining four children perished in the flames—two girls 6 and 12 years of age, and two boys 9 and 14 years of age. Mr. Babbitt had left home the day before the accident for Illinois.

RIOT AND DESTRUCTION OF PROPERTY.—A serious riot occurred on Friday evening near the Baltimore Railroad, about one and a half miles beyond Gray's Ferry. A large building erecting for the purpose of manufacturing brick by steam was fired, burnt, and the walls battered down. The rioters were laborers engaged in brick making, who considered the contemplated improvement as detrimental to their business. We have heard of no arrests being made. The loss by the destruction of the building falls on the contractor. The building was owned by a Mr. Taylor.

MURDER.—The Vandalia Illinois Whig of the 11th says—Our town was thrown into great commotion on Monday morning last, by finding the dead body of one of our most esteemed citizens, James M. Perry, Esq. near the outskirts of the town, having been murdered by the infliction of blows upon the head. The perpetrator of this foul deed has hitherto eluded the utmost vigilance of our citizens, and no adequate reason can be assigned by any why the deceased should thus have been deprived of his life.

STABBED TWO MEN.—On Monday evening last, some people at Sandy Hook, Newtown, who had been to the military parade at Southbury and were somewhat intoxicated, commenced trifling with and abusing an old man who had been peddling liquor, and who was himself more than "half seas over." After bearing with the abuse some time, he became enraged, drew a knife, and swinging his hand to and fro, stabbed a number of persons—so badly, that two of them have since died.

MORE OF THE MORMONS.—The Quincy Whig states that Gov. Boggs has agreed to comply with the requisition of Gov. Carlin, of Illinois, for the delivery of the persons concerned in outrages upon certain Mormon citizens of Illinois, at Tully. And that in like manner, Gov. Boggs has demanded, and Gov. Carlin has agreed to deliver up, Joseph Smith, Jr., and Sidney Rigdon, as runaway criminals from Missouri.

ANOTHER STREET ROBBERY.—The New York Signal of Thursday says, as a youth, in the employ of Mr H. Shackerly, 115 Maiden lane, was proceeding to the bank yesterday afternoon, and was passing along William street, near Beaver, three men pushed against him and knocked him down among boxes and drew from his pocket the bank book, containing $333, with which they got clear off.

MORE SEIZURES.—The case of the United States vs sixty-one pieces of cloths and cassimeres, claimed by John Harris of New York, the importer, and seized by the collector of Baltimore for an alleged violation of the revenue laws, and which has occupied the Court for more than a week past, was on Wednesday submitted to the jury, who after a short deliberation, returned a verdict in favor of the United States.

ASSAULT ON AN EDITOR.—Mr English, of the Boston Herald, was assaulted and terribly beaten on Saturday. The Boston Times states that the assault was committed by a son of the manager of the National Theatre, for some strictures contained in the paper. Mr. English's jaw was dislocated, and his stomach very much bruised by the ruffian, who stamped upon him after he was down. Mr. E. is a very slight man, Pelby, his assailant, a strong, rough blackguard.

FIRE IN BOSTON.—The distillery of Barnard and Turell, with its contents, was entirely consumed on Saturday morning. Another distillery and two dwelling-houses were also destroyed, adjoining the first mentioned premises. Loss about $23,000. Two new houses in another part of the city were fired and consumed the night before.

INCENDIARY ARRESTED.—A colored man has been arrested and lodged in jail in Trenton, for setting fire to the saw mill of Fish, Green, & Co., burned in that place two or three weeks since. He has made confessions of the fact. One or two other colored men, yet at large, were his accomplices. The object of the incendiaries was plunder.

PATRONIZING THE FINE ARTS.—More than a thousand dollars worth of stolen goods, consisting of Shawls, Silks, Laces, &c., were seized in Boston by the Police this week—and five individuals, two men and three females, were also apprehended as thieves, and lodged in jail.

FATAL ACCIDENT.—A few days back, a young man named Isaac Hutchinson, while out gunning near Trenton, N. J., was severely wounded by the accidental discharge of his gun. He died in about an hour after the accident happened.

NEWSPAPERS.—According to M. Vattemare's statement, there are 31 papers published in Boston, 61 in New York, 37 in Philadelphia, 20 in Baltimore, 16 in New Orleans, 14 in Cincinnati, 8 in St. Louis, 5 in Louisville, 6 in Charleston and 6 in Washington.

DEAD BODY FOUND.—The dead body of a stranger was found last week on the turnpike road leading from Washington to Baltimore, near the village of Bladensburg, whose name is supposed to be Edward Martin—a Navy pension certificate was found upon the body.

SMUGGLING.—The Buffalo Commercial Advertiser says, that a *native* lost 1100 pounds of cheese at Waterloo, in an attempt to carry it into the Province without paying the impost.

DROWNED IN A TUB.—A child 14 months old, named Griffin, was drowned in a tub in New York on Saturday, which contained only about a gallon of water. The mother was absent.

TRIAL FOR MANSLAUGHTER.—Messrs. Gage and Davis, physicians of New York, are being tried in N. York for manslaughter, in having aided a young woman to produce abortion.

LOST OVERBOARD.—A young man by the name of Tyrrel, whose mother resides in Troy, was lost overboard on Monday morning at Crum Elbow, in the North river, from the schr. Belvidere of Troy.

INTERMENTS IN NEW YORK.—The City Inspector reports 142 interments last week, viz: 36 men, 23 women, 41 boys, and 46 girls.

THE SHIP PRESIDENT.—The Great Western saw the steam ship President in lat. 51, lon. 14, on the 14th September.

BEATING HIS WIFE.—Dr. Kingsford was tried, convicted and fined $10 for beating his wife. The trial took place at Newburyport, Mass.

TALL PORK.—There is a pig in Kensington, the Pennsylvania says, six feet ten inches in height. We wonder what's *his* name.

CHILD KILLED.—On Monday, in New York, a child was run over and killed by a stage. The Tattler says—"The parents had just missed the child, and sent its sister to find it. She arrived just as the little sufferer was taken from under the wheels. The driver immediately surrendered himself, but was not taken into custody, as all the circumstances of the case exonerated him. His horses were walking leisurely when the accident happened; and his attention, with that of every body else, was drawn to a live eagle which had escaped from its keeper. The child, which was about eighteen months old, died after two hours' suffering.

FIRE AND LOSS OF LIFE.—A fire took place on the 16th ult. at Potter, Yates co., N. Y. that burned down a house, and the proprietor perished in the flames, notwithstanding every exertion was made by the neighbors to rescue him. His body was afterwards found burnt in a shocking manner. Not an article in the house was saved, his wife and children barely escaping in their night clothes.

A NEW BARGE BOAT.—We understand that the splendid new barge boat George James, built for the George James Barge Club of Pittsburgh, will be exhibited for a few days, at the shop of the builder, Mr George James, on the wharf above Race street. She is worth going to see.

THE ARMY WORM.—The army worm must be as truly formidable scourge to the planter at the South. It is said to sweep off 100 acres in a night, leaving neither leaves nor bolls of cotton on the stalk. There is no possible way of arresting the march of the legion.

TRADE OF QUEBEC.—The Quebec Gazette of Tuesday last says—"In the course of last night and this morning one hundred and sixteen vessels have arrived from sea; the harbor is completely crowded with ships, not less than 150 being in sight from the platform."

KILLED BY A FALL.—John McCombe, Esq., of Merrimack, N. H., was killed on Monday last, by a fall from the scaffold of his barn. He was stowing away corn stalks, when his foot slipped and he fell.

TROOPS IN MOTION.—Major Payne's command consisting of Companies B. and F. 2d Regt. U. S. Artillery, left Buffalo on Monday morning, for Sackett's Harbor.

Riot and Homicide.

The Iowa News of the 28th of August, says, that on Saturday last, a most disgraceful outrage attended by a fatal result, was perpetrated in this place. A negro man named Nathaniel Morgan, commonly called "Nat," who has resided in Dubuque for several years past, was suspected of having stolen some clothes from one of his neighbors. About 11 o'clock in the forenoon, a mob collected took him from his house, carried him to the outskirts of the town, tied him to a post and inflicted in the most barbarous manner several hundred blows with a cow-hide on his bare back, telling him in the mean time to confess the theft and shew where the goods were concealed. After he had thus been tortured, he said he would tell them where the goods were, if they would stop whipping him; upon which he was untied from the post and immediately fell upon the ground through weakness and exhaustion.

When lying upon the ground we are informed that he was roused by kicks and blows to exert the little strength which he still possessed, and urged staggering along to his own house; and finding none of the stolen property there, he was compelled to walk up to a house on one of the hills in the rear of the town, in which he told them they would find it. Upon discovering none of the property there, the rioters again began to beat him, and continued to do so until life was extinct. Four of the persons who were the principal actors in this diabolical outrage upon the laws of the country and the peace of this community, have been arrested and are now undergoing examination before a magistrate.

Proler the Blacking Man.

The catching of Proler, the runaway blacking maker, by Mr. Holt, in Holland, did not terminate quite so successfully after all. The baggage of the runaway underwent a search, but nothing was found in it which could be troubled by the authorities—he having guarded against such a contingency by taking the precaution to put all such property in another and unknown position. As there was no evidence of his having violated the laws of Holland, he was set at liberty, and Mr. Holt then applied to the proper authorities to have him again arrested and sent back to this country as a fugitive from justice. But while this application was in progress, Proler became informed of the new danger hanging over him, in time to effect a retreat, and by running off to Poland or Prussia, got out of the way of Mr. Holt and the Dutch authority.

Fire and Loss of Life.

We notice that the dwelling house of Mr. Frederick Caylor, a German residing in the town of Potter, was destroyed by fire on the night of the 16th inst. and what is still more distressing, Mr. Caylor perished in the flames. It appears that the family, except the old gentleman and his wife, had retired to bed, and hearing a strange noise in the chamber, Mr. C. went up to ascertain the cause; not returning and the noise continuing to increase, his wife went up, and on arriving at the head of the stairs discovered the whole of the upper part of the house in flames. She immediately alarmed the neighborhood, but so rapid was the progress of the fire, that notwithstanding every exertion was made by the neighbors, he could not be rescued. His body was afterward found, burnt in a most shocking manner. Not an article in the house was saved, and the children barely escaped with only their night cloths.

Horrible.

The Schenectady (a paper published in N. Y.) Democrat of Friday, gives the particulars of a shocking murder committed on Tuesday last in Glenville, about six miles from that city, from which we extract the following: Charles Book, an Englishman, about 30 years of age, who was and had been in the employ of Mr. F. G. Merry for about four months, came in to dinner, Mr. Merry being absent, his wife, with two children of 6 and 3 years, together with Cooke, ate dinner; after which Mrs. Merry went to the cellar, whither she was followed by Cook, who forced her to the back part of the cellar and cut her throat from ear to ear with a carving knife, killing her instantly. Cook immediately fled, but was arrested during the night, and on Wednesday morning brought to this city, where, after an examination, he was fully committed. Since his committal we understand he has made a full confession of his guilt.

Riot and Loss of Life at St. Charles.

The St. Louis Gaz. of the 14th, says: "We regret to learn, by a gentleman from St. Charles, with whom we conversed this morning, that the town was in a state of very considerable excitement, owing to a riot that took place on Saturday night last, at the tavern of Mr. Stock, a short distance from town. Mr. Stock is a German, and had appointed that night for a ball. Many of the young men from town attended; and for some time mingled in the amusements of the evening with the Germans who were there, on perfectly good terms. In the course of the evening, however, some offence was given—we are not yet advised by what party—and a riot immediately ensued. Fire arms were used by the Germans and other deadly weapons by the Americans—which resulted in the death of a Mr. Stine, a German. Several of the Americans were badly beaten.

The affair is a subject of investigation, which commenced yesterday, and was to be continued to-day.

Broke His Arm.

The National Intelligencer of Thursday week details the following accident: We regret to learn that Lieut. Wm. A. T. Maddox, of the U. S. Marine Corps, who arrived in this city on the 20th instant, from Philadelphia, with a detachment of U. S. Marines, repaired to his mother's residence, and on opening a door (for the purpose of observing the state of the weather) leading formerly to a porch from the second story of the dwelling, he was precipitated to the ground, breaking his right arm between the elbow and wrist, and sustaining other injury. Had not the night been extremely dark, he would have discovered his mistake—the porch having been removed during his absence. Medical aid was immediately resorted to, and we are glad to learn that the Lieutenant is doing well.

A Beautiful Ornament.

Our cotemporary, the Inquirer, a few days since speaking of Laurel Hill Cemetery, thus notices a new monument erected in that charming spot. It is a "handsome and massive Spanish cross, designed by John S. Little, and formed in the vitrified composition or artificial stone manufactured by that eminent artist. The cross is placed on the point of a rocky knoll, overlooking the Schuylkill—which commands an extensive and romantic view. The appearance of such an emblem of Christianity in this beautiful Cemetery, is calculated to give birth to reflections and solemn thoughts in harmony with the scene around. The monument is highly creditable to the taste and skill of Mr. Little, and one of the entablatures of the pedestal presents an appropriate poetic inscription."

Shocking Murder—Woman Killed by Her Own Husband!

A most shocking, deliberate and cold blooded murder was perpetrated on Thursday week, between 7 and 8 o'clock, in Spafford street, near Shippen, Moyamensing, by a young man named Thomas H. Shuster, upon the person of *his own wife!* whom he shot dead in the open street, with a pistol loaded with a ball. The unfortunate victim after receiving the ball, sprang forward and upwards a few paces, gave one loud shriek and fell. Several persons, among them officer Wunderly, who were attracted to the spot by the report of the pistol and the shriek of the deceased, took her up and carried her into a house in a small court running from Spafford street, occupied by a man named Joseph Cooper, with whom she boarded. She expired in about five minutes afterwards. Alderman Hoffner, police officers Whisener and Ashman and Mr. Edward McGowan, who were sitting in the office of the former near by, hearing the pistol fired and the dying woman scream, made all haste to the scene of the murder, and used every exertion to relieve the sufferings of the poor woman, as well as to prevent the escape of the murderer, who, after accomplishing the horrid deed, ran as far as the corner of Sixth and Small streets, and then walked slowly up Sixth street. Officer Whisner and others being despatched in quest of him, the former arrested him in Locust street above Sixth. When arrested, he said, "I am gone,—you've got me." The pistol which he had discharged at his wife, with a loaded one of the same description, were found upon his person.

He stated that he was on his way to the residence of David Paul Brown, Esq. with whom he was anxious to have an interview, and that he then intended to deliver himself up. He earnestly requested to be allowed to see Mr. Brown; and when told by the officer that his request must be denied, he asked to see his wife; which latter request was granted. As soon as he came into the room where the body lay, he appeared somewhat melted, kissed the body once or twice, and then expressed a wish to be examined. The officers took him to a room in Sixth street and kept him in custody till the Coroner had been sent for and held the inquest upon the body. The jury returning a verdict in accordance with the facts as detailed above, he was brought before Alderman Hoffner and committed to answer the charge of murder.

The conduct of the murderer from the moment of his arrest, was marked by an unusual degree of calmness mingled with considerable indifference. He freely admitted likewise, the commission of the act and acknowledged that he had done it after the most mature deliberation; and when told first that his wife was dead, said he was satisfied. He confessed that he had on Saturday before, purchased a quantity of arsenic of Dr. J. B. Strafford, in Sixth street opposite Queen, which he alleged to the Doctor he wanted to kill a dog, that had annoyed him, but which he mixed up and gave his wife, telling her that she would be benefited by it, and that it would relieve her pains she at the time being very unwell and suffering severely from blows he had just inflicted upon her. His avowed object was to kill her with the poison. He got her to sip a little of it, but telling her that he had poisoned her, she spit it out, and instantly procured a dose of antimonial wine as an emetic from Dr. Kilduffe, corner of Sixth and Shippen, which had the effect of preventing any serious consequences. The reason assigned for killing his wife was that she had been unfaithful to him, and that about two weeks ago he had had ocular demonstration of the fact, and had not lived with her since.

The loaded pistol found on his person he said he intended for the man who had seduced his wife's affections. Shuster is about 23 years old, gentlemanly in appearance, a blacksmith by trade, and is very respectably connected. His wife was aged about 25, and was a very pretty woman. They had been married two years, and had, particularly of late, lived *unhappily together.* Shuster had also been in the habit almost constantly of drinking to excess, quarrelling with and beating the deceased. Her eyes after death bore evident marks of blows.

On Friday morning a post mortem examination of the body was made by Doctors Duffy, Condie, Strafford, and the Coroner. The examination showed that the ball had entered the left breast, between the anterior of the mammary and the junction of the third and fourth ribs with the breast bone, passed between the third and fourth ribs, penetrated and wounded the vessels supplying blood to the heart, passed through the outer portion of the heart in a slanting direction, severed the pulmonary artery, and, as it could not be discovered, was supposed to have been lodged somewhere in the spine.

The murderer, Shuster, made an attempt about 11 o'clock on Friday to destroy himself, by swallowing a quantity of laudanum he had smuggled into the prison in his boot top. The attempt proved abortive. A fit of vomiting caused the discharge of the poison before it had taken effect.

Another Murder.

On Saturday last, in the city of New York, the coroner was called to a wretched tenement, occupied by Michael Hennessey, to view the body of a man named George Barber, aged 35 years. The body was found lying upon the floor, the feet resting upon a feather bed and nearly imbedded in a pool of blood,

THE OLIO.

Variety is the spice of life,
That gives it all its flavor.

Original.

I Wonder if she loves me?

BY JOHN P. HALE.

I wonder if she loves me?
I would give the world to know!
For though her laugh still whispers Yes,
Her lips still utter No.
Why should she blush so when we meet,
If I be not sure her heart?
And her tiny hand still tremble, when
We exchange to part?

I wonder if she loves me?
Last night we were alone,
And I thought there was a softness
Unusual in her tone.
Yes, loving with her smile, I ween
Such a sweet kiss! as though
She looked caution to stronger,
She did not tell me go!

I wonder if she loves me?
To-night her mamma's pride,
I feigned to pity another maid!
But she answer spoke, nor sighed.
But, though she seemed in indifference
I could not fail to see
And I'm certain that a heart deep
Pens its silent pain in me!

I wonder if she loves me?
I am sure I can't resign.
For sometimes she's all tenderness,
And sometimes she's all pride.
To-night I question of my hope,
My fears still weigh them down.
Those eyes be worded, stammer, smile
Is fostered by a frown!

Anecdote of Captain Parry.

Mrs. Fordyce was particularly intimate with the late Sir Parry and his family, and used to relate with conscious delight, an anecdote of the present enterprising navigator. Capt. Parry,—When a child, he had accompanied some of the female of his family on a morning visit; and to amuse him, she ordered a servant to take him to a parlor, where was displayed a fine globe. The boy continued very quiet, and fearing he might be at some mischief, they took a peep at him; when instead of the rocking horse, he was mounted across a terrestrial globe which stood in the room, and turning it round and round with all his little might. "You rogue," said Mrs. Fordyce "what are you doing? that is not a horse." "No," replied he, "but pa says it is the world and then it goes, and I will go round and round till I come to the end of it." "But you may go round and round, and never come to the end of it, for it has no end." The boy stood mute for an instant, then hollowing out, "I'm off again; and if it has an end, I'll go as far as I can." If that boy live," said Mrs. Fordyce, in the true spirit of her knowledge of philosophy, and it would seem in prophecy, "he will be a sailor and a navigator, and come to great honor for the spirit of investigation and enterprise shown in him already."

THE TERRIBLE PREACHER.—One day Nasir-eddin ascended the pulpit of the mosque, and thus addressed the congregation: "O, true believers, do you know what I am going to say to you?" "No," cried the congregation. "Well, then," replied he, "there is no use in wasting my time on such an ignorant set," and so saying he came down from the pulpit. He went to preach a second time, and asked the congregation, "O true believers, do you know what I am going to say to you?" "We know," replied the audience. "Then there is no use in my telling you," said Nasir-eddin, and again he descended from the pulpit. When next he came to preach, and ask-ed the question, the congregation determined to have a trial of his powers, answered, "some of us know, and some of us do not know."—"O" cried Nasir-eddin, "let those who know tell those who do not know, and I shall be spared the trouble of preaching." So saying, he came down from the pulpit.

CHARLESTON.—A youngster, who had been at sea two or three years, was exercising his nautical facilities in the very praiseworthy occupation of examining his mamma and sisters with travel. Sir's examination. Among other things, he told them one fact which happened to be true,—he told them that he had seen a tree in India which of its sugar, and without water from an acre of ground. This assertion had to encounter a general declaration of unbelief—that was too much; they could not believe that! The lad presently pulled out of his scenery to the Red Sea, and gravely informed them that one day, upon hearing up the anchor there, he had the singular good fortune to bring up with it one of Pharaoh's chariot wheels. "Ah, now, that I can believe," immediately exclaimed the good old lady: "because it's in Scripture."

TAKE CARE OF YOUR FEET.—The circumstances on which our feet and cold feet are most apt to cause disease, are where the person remains inactive, and, consequently, there is not sufficient to counteract alone the unequal flow of blood which then takes place toward the internal part. For it is well known that a person in strong health may walk about or work in the open air with wet feet for hours together without any injury, provided he on dry stockings and shoes immediately on coming home. It is, therefore, not the mere state of wetness that causes the evil, but the check in perspiration, and the unequal distribution of the blood in which the accompanying coldness gives rise.

ACCIDENT OF MIND—LATEST CASE BUT ONE.—A barber, a bald-headed man and a simpleton, were travelling together in company up hill a return, they found themselves in the midst of a dreary forest, and it was agreed that each should watch alternately for two hours, while the others slept, in order to protect themselves from the wild beasts with which the forest abounded. It so happened that it fell to the lot of the barber to take the first watch. He being of a merry disposition, to beguile the tedious of his guard, took out his razors and shaved his friend's head as well as his own apple. Shortly after, when the time of his watch was expired, he roused the simpleton to take his turn. He, rubbing his eyes, stretched out his hand to his head, and feeling his smooth bald scrape, exclaimed, "What an ass is that barber! I'll be hanged if he has not waked the bald man by mistake, instead of me."

AN UNBELIEVABLE JEST.—Miss Sinclair, in one of her late works, says that a man was lately tried in Ireland for beating his wife—the proof was positive—and the jury retired and spent a long time in double ales. When they re-entered the court-room, and the Judge solemnly asked for their decision, it was unanimously delivered in these words, "*assessed her rent!*"

LITERAL ORDINANCE.—A peculiar master advised his drunken servant to put up his money for a rainy day. In a few weeks after, the master asked him how much he had added to his store. "Faith, nothing at all," said he, "it all went yesterday. I did so you bade me; it rained very hard yesterday, and it all went."

FRIGHTS OF EXPERIENCE.—The following is the manner in which a child told her father that her favorite dog's tail was cut off: "Pa, poor Lucy wants to wag her tail and can't."

Master Humphrey's Clock.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

[Continued from our last.]

"Speak to him, dear," the old man whispered. "I am almost afraid to disturb him," said the child, timidly. "He does not seem to see us. Perhaps if we wait a little, he may look this way."

They waited, but the schoolmaster cast no look toward them, and still sat, thoughtful and silent at the little porch. He had a kind face. In his plain old suit of black, he looked pale and meagre. They formed, too, a lonely air about him and his house, but perhaps that was because the other people formed a merry company upon the green, and he seemed the only solitary man in all the place.

They were very tired, and the child would have been half content to address even a schoolmaster, but for something in his manner which seemed to denote that he was uneasy or distressed. As they stood hesitating at a little distance, they saw that he sat for a few minutes at a time like one in a brown study, then laid aside his pipe and took a few turns in his garden, then approached the porch and looked toward the green, then took up his pipe again with a sigh, and sat down thoughtfully as before.

As nobody else appeared and it would soon be dark, Nell at length took courage, and when he had resumed his pipe and seat, ventured to draw near, leading her grandfather by the hand. The slight noise they made in raising the latch of the wicket gate, caught his attention. He looked at them kindly, but seemed disappointed too, and slightly shook his head.

Nell dropped a curtsy, and told him they were poor travellers who sought a shelter for the night which they would gladly pay for, so far as their means allowed. The schoolmaster looked earnestly at her as she spoke, laid aside his pipe, and rose up directly.

"If you could direct us anywhere, sir," said the child, "we should take it very kindly."

"You have been walking a long way," said the schoolmaster.

"A long way, sir," the child replied.

"You're a poor traveller, my child," he said, laying his hand gently on her head. "Your grandchild, friend?"

"Ay, sir," cried the old man, "and the sta- and comfort of my life."

"Come in," said the schoolmaster.

Without further preface he conducted them in to his little school-room, which was parlor and kitchen likewise, and told them they were welcome to remain under his roof till morning. Before they had done thanking him, he spread a coarse white cloth upon the table, with knives and platters; and bringing out some bread and cold meat and a jug of beer, besought them to eat and drink.

The child looked round the room as she took her seat. There were a couple of forms, notched and cut and linked all over; a small desk perched on four legs, at which no doubt the master sat; a few dog's-eared books upon a high shelf; and beside them a motley collection of peg-tops, bills, kites, fishing lines, marbles, ballstaves, stylets, and other confiscated property of idle urchins. Displayed on hooks upon the wall in all these interims, were the cane and rods: and over them, on a small shelf of its own, the dunce's cap, made of old newspapers and decorated with glaring scraps of the largest size. But, the finest ornaments of the walls, were the certain sentences fairly copied in good round text, and well-worked seams in simple addition and multiplication, evidently performed by the same hand which were plentifully pasted all around the room, for the double purpose, as it seemed, of hearing them learnt by heart, and of keeping the walls whole, and handling a worthy emulation in the bosoms of the scholars.

"You," said the old schoolmaster, observing that her attention was caught by these latter specimens, "that's betrayed writing, my dear."

"Master, sir," replied the child, modestly, "is it yours?"

"Mine!" he returned, looking on the page with a sigh, and rubbing his hand across his eyes, as if the thought were painful to his heart. "I couldn't write like that, now-a-days. No. They're all wrote from my copy, and I have had it in, not to old as yours's, but a very clever one."

As the schoolmaster said this, he took down a small book from the shelf, and opening it at the copies, or he took a pencil from his pocket, and going up to the wall, carefully scratched a few lines of English hand. He walked slowly backward from the writing, admiring it as one might contemplate a beautiful picture, but with such unchanged sadness in his voice and manner that Nell quite touched the child, though she was unacquainted with its cause.

"A little hand, indeed," said the poor school-master. "Ay bound all for compassion, on his learning and his sports too, how did he ever come to be so fond of me? That I should love him is no wonder, but that he should love us—" and there the schoolmaster stopped, and took off his spectacles to wipe them, as though they had grown dim.

"I hope there is nothing the matter, sir," said Nell, anxiously.

"Not much, my dear," returned the school-master. "I hoped to have seen him on the green tonight. He was always foremost among them. But he'll be there to-morrow."

"Has he been ill?" asked the child, with a child's quick sympathy.

"Not very. They said he was wandering in his head yesterday, dear boy, and so they said the day before. But that's a part of that kind of disorder; it's not a bad sign."

The child was silent. He walked to the door, and looked wistfully out. The shadows of night were gathering, and was still.

"If he could know," somebody's ears, he would come to me. I know," he said, returning into the room. "He always came into the garden to get good night from me, when he was not with his only just taken a favorable turn, and it's too late for him to come out, for it's very damp and there's a hazy dew. It's much better he shouldn't come to-night."

The schoolmaster lighted a candle, fastened the shutters of the room, and closed the door. But after he had done this, and sat about a little time, he took down his hat, and said he would go and satisfy himself that Sophy had no relapse to-night. The child readily consented and he went out.

He was absent half an hour or more, during the greater part of which time Nell and her grandfather stood whispering there, as if they had made up their minds to retire from business, and be counsellors of state, instead of humble people. They were alone all that time, and yet they whispered, and looked timorously round the room, as though there were persons present to whom their conference was painful.

The schoolmaster returned at last, and told them they were welcome to stay there as long as they pleased. He had been to see the boy, and found him much better. He was sitting up in bed, and had eaten a hearty supper. He was to be kept very quiet, and they must not think of seeing him that night, but he was sensible and free from pain, and hoped to be downstairs in a few days.

The poor schoolmaster appeared to be gratified by her earnest manner, but yet rendered more uneasy by it, for he added hastily that anxious people often magnified an evil and thought it greater than it was; "for my part," he said, in his quiet, patient way, "I hope it's not so. I don't think he can be worse."

The child asked his leave to prepare breakfast, and her self-possession coming down stairs they all three partook of it together. While the meal was in progress, the host remarked that the old man seemed much fatigued, and evidently stood in need of rest.

"If the journey you have before you is a long one," he said, "and don't press you for one day, you're very welcome to pass another night here. I should really be glad if you would, friend."

He saw that the old man looked at Nell, uncertain whether to accept or decline his offer; and added,

"I shall be glad to have your young companion with me for one day. If you can do a charity to a lone man, and rest yourself at the same time, do so. If you must proceed upon your journey, I wish you well through it, and will talk a little way with you before school begins."

"What are we to do Nell," said the old man irresolutely, "say what we're to do, child."

It required no great persuasion to induce the child to answer that they had better accept the invitation and remain. As was fitting to elicit her gratitude to the kind schoolmaster by busying herself in the performance of such household duties as his little cottage stood in need of. When these were done, she took some needle-work from her basket, and sat herself down upon a stool beside the latticed window, where the jessamine and woodbine entwined their tender stems, and strolling into the room filled it with their delicious breath. Here she sat, busily engaged at the open casement, breathing the perfume of the flowers, and idly watching the clouds as they floated on before the light summer wind.

As the schoolmaster, after arranging the two forms in due order, took his seat behind the desk and made other preparations for school, the child was apprehensive that she might be in the way, and offered to withdraw to her little bed-room. But this he would not allow, and as no second request to have her there was required, he began himself with her work.

"Have you many scholars, sir?" she asked.

The poor schoolmaster looked up from his book, and said that they barely filled the two forms.

"Are the others clever, sir?" asked the child, glancing at the lengthen in the desk.

"Good boys," returned the schoolmaster, "good boys enough, my dear, but they'll never be like that."

A small white-headed boy with a sun burnt face appeared at the door while he was speaking, and stopping there to make a rustic bow, came in and took his seat upon one of the forms. The white-headed boy then put an open book, upon which chingly dog's-eared, upon his knees, and thrust his hands into his pockets began counting the marbles with which they were filled: displaying on the expression of his face a remarkable range of totally unattracting his mind from the spelling on which his eyes were fixed. Soon afterward another white-headed little boy came straggling in, and after him a red-headed lad, and after him two more with white heads, and then one with a flaxen poll, and so on until the forms were crowded by a dozen boys or there-abouts, with heads of every color but grey, and ranging in their ages from four years old to four-teen years or more: for the largest boy in the school were a long way from the first when he set upon the form, and the eldest was a hearty good-tempered looking fellow, about half a head taller than the schoolmaster.

At the top of the first form—the post of honor in the school—was the favorite of the day, the little red-headed lad, and at the foot of the row of pegs on which those who came on late or cops were wont to hang them up, one was empty. So boy stepped to widen the severity of seat or peg, but many a one looked from the ready spaces to the schoolmaster, and whispered his idle neighbor behind his hand.

Then began the hum of running over lessons and getting them by heart, the whispered not and steadily gone on, and the master at his desk school: and in the midst of the din sat the poor schoolmaster, the very image of meekness and simplicity, vainly attempting to read from one of his copies, or he took a penknife from his pocket, and going up to the wall, carefully scratched a few lines of English hand. He walked slowly backward from the writing, admiring it as one might contemplate a beautiful picture, but with such unchanged sadness in his voice and manner that Nell quite touched the child, though she was unacquainted with its cause.

"I hope there is nothing the matter, sir," said Nell, anxiously.

"Not much, my dear," returned the school-master. "I hoped to have seen him on the green tonight. He was always foremost among them. But he'll be there to-morrow."

"Has he been ill?" asked the child, with a child's quick sympathy.

"Not very. They said he was wandering in his head yesterday, dear boy, and so they said the day before. But that's a part of that kind of disorder; it's not a bad sign."

The child was silent. He walked to the door, and looked wistfully out. The shadows of night were gathering, and was still.

"If he could know," somebody's ears, he would come to me. I know," he said, returning into the room. "He always came into the garden to get good night from me, when he was not with us. I'm sure he would. Ay, and he would say a prayer that night for a sick child.

My dear," he added, as he took out his pocket master, sucking a pipe he had forgotten to light, and looking inquisitively round upon the old man, "I think you have done all that, and waste many with sickness. It is a very, very little bed."

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-FIFTH.

After a second night's rest, passed in the latticed room, in which it seemed the waters had sunk down, and left it lower, but which he had lately disturbed for a walk and a contemplation of the child rose early in the morning and dressed herself from stores where she had stopped last night. As the schoolmaster had already left his bed and gone out, she hastened herself to make it neat and comfortable, and had just finished the strange, unat when the kind man returned.

He thanked her many times, and said that the old dame who usually did such offices for him had gone to nurse the little scholar whom he had told her of. The child asked how he was, and hoped he was better.

"No," returned the schoolmaster shaking his head sorrowfully, "no better. They even say he is worse."

"I am very sorry for that, sir," said the child

At this intelligence, the boys, lead on and headed by the tall boy, raised a great shout, in the midst of which the master was seen to speak but could not be heard. As he held up his hand however, in token of his wish that they should be silent, they were considerate enough to leave off, as soon as the longest-winded among them were quite out of breath.

"You must promise me first," said the schoolmaster, "that you'll not be noisy, or at least, if you are, that you'll go away and be so—you out of the village, I mean—I'm sure you wouldn't disturb your old playmate and companion."

There was a general murmur, (and perhaps a very sincere one, for they were but boys) in the negative: and the tall boy, perhaps as sincerely as any of them, called those about him to witness that he had only shouted in a whisper.

"Then pray don't forget, there's my dear scholars," said the schoolmaster, "what I have asked you, and do it as a favour to me. Be as happy as you can, and don't be unmindful that you are blessed with health. Good bye all!"

Chuckling and nodding and

Lucubrations of Leo.

BY ALONZO BOOTH.

Beneath our feet, and over our head
Is equal room for feeling.
Both are to us the unsullied bond,
Where no sin can intervene.

Drops rains on every passing house,
He lights on every flower,
For a season all are one climate:
He pours every hour.

Our eyes have seen the same light
Of twelve o'clock at noon,
And felt dimness at midnight
On unwelcome moon.

Our ears have seen the stages of age,
Hath birth, toward the tomb,
And ye, I shall meet in yonder voyage
And dream of days to come.

Turn, mortal turn! thy danger know,
Why wreck thy fatal bark,
The rocks rouge bottom from none,
And wisdom from the dark.

Turn, Christian turn! thy soul apply
To truths divinely given,
The letter that will conduct thee to
Shall lose for hell in heaven!

The Rolling Deep.

Farewell the jolly rocking night—
The spirit of the wild!
When before pitching mocked heels
Thy wave-worn children smiled.

BY C. D. WARNER.

We like to trust occasionally to the customs and pastimes of our ancestors. Tells us we may get a little closer to them, and the further back we go, where beauty, and elegance, and refinement find down the dance, to the soft music, like the lovely, the more we shall find to admire.

Such a scene, and on such a night, the old Dutch town of Albany, on the banks of the Hudson, presented, in the days of his boyhood, it was deemed improper, or inconsistent with the dignity of their character, for the fair sex to be present at the dances of the young men. The assembly is not one of strangers, where doubt and apprehension may exist, and where all have been acquainted and known from childhood. Each one is familiar with the character of every other one, and there is no fear of impropriety. The absence of the ladies, we have always believed, was a mistake. Their presence would have softened and refined the manners of the young men, and given a higher tone to the whole entertainment. Their absence was a loss to them, and a loss to the ladies, who were thus deprived of the pleasure of seeing the young men in their best moods, and of the opportunity of exercising their influence over them.

The time and manner of the dances were also different from those of the present day. The dances were not only extensively frequented, but it was the custom for the young men to be present at the dances of the young ladies, and to escort them to and from their homes. The dances commenced at an early hour in the evening, and were generally over by ten o'clock. The music was furnished by a single violin, played by a negro, who was a privileged character, and who, on account of his musical talents, was a favorite with all the young people. He was generally stationed in the corner of the room, on a high chair, and was expected to play all the evening, and to play such tunes as were called for by the dancers. He was also expected to play for the dancers at the private parties, and was generally engaged for the whole winter. He was usually a character, and was generally known by the name of his master, as "Jack Hardenbergh's Sam," or "Peter Van Ness's Sam."

The dances were generally cotillions, and were performed in a manner very different from the present mode. The dancers were arranged in a single row, the gentlemen on one side, and the ladies on the other, and the dance consisted in the gentleman leading his partner down the room, and back again, and then leading her to the head of the row, and then leading her down the room, and back again, and then leading her to the head of the row, and then leading her down the room, and back again, and then leading her to the head of the row, and then leading her